

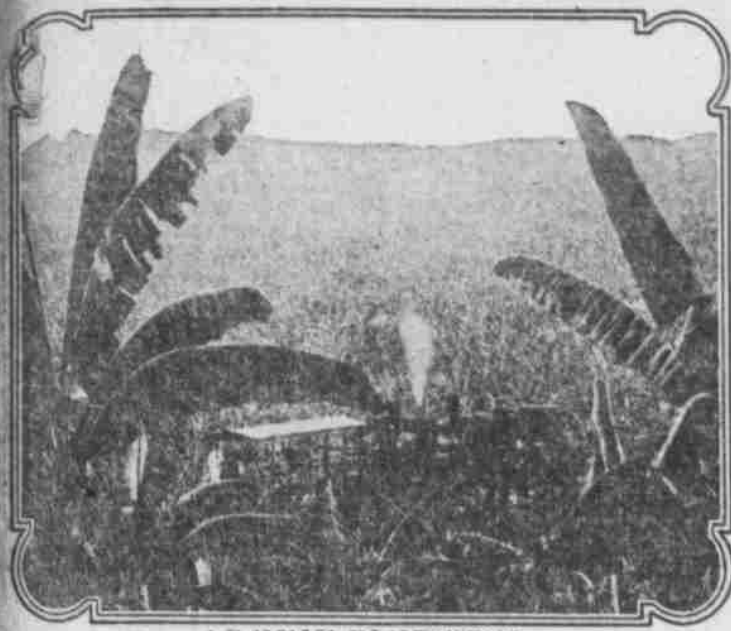
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THE BANANA IN COSTA RICO



A BANANA PLANTATION

ALL Costa Rica is divided into two parts, that which is the scene of the operations of the United Fruit company, and that which is not. The first is becoming Americanized; in the second, European nations now have the advantage in trade.

In the banana country the fruit company is everywhere and as a common carrier it has a powerful influence in the coffee country. It has developed the Atlantic coast of Costa Rica and probably has done more than any other single agent for the prosperity and commercial development of this small republic. Costa Rica is by far the most prosperous of all the Central American republics, and has not had a successful revolution in more than 30 years, the correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from San Jose, says. Americans living here and Costa Ricans are convinced that the absence of revolutions and the prosperity of the country are in the nature of cause and effect.

The bananas and coffee sent out of Costa Rica represent practically the entire export trade of this country. The value of the banana exportations average about \$4,000,000 a year, and the coffee a little more than half as much. The fruit company either grows or buys and transports and sells all the bananas and carries all the coffee produced in Costa Rica. In doing these things it has developed a great number of side lines of activity, which make it the great power it is in Costa Rica. These other activities include railroads, stores, telegraph and telephone systems, light and power plants, hospitals, schools and various forms of agriculture and stock raising. In addition it has its fleet of ships, carrying both passengers and freight.

Bananas Cost 40 Cents a Bunch. The company owns over 200,000 acres of banana lands on the Atlantic seaboard of Costa Rica. On these lands it produces about 42 per cent. of all the bananas grown in the republic. It buys all the bananas that native growers can produce. The annual shipment is about 10,000,000 bunches, bought by the fruit company at a fixed price of 30 cents a bunch. For handling the bananas the company allows 10 cents a bunch, and the declared export value of a bunch of bananas is fixed at 40 cents.

The outlet for both the coffee and the bananas is Port Limon, on the Caribbean. When Secretary Knox and his party arrived there recently there were three steamers in port awaiting cargoes of bananas.

To tap the banana districts the main line of the railroad, leased and operated by the United Fruit company under the name of the Costa Rican Northern railroad, extends from Port

Limon to San Jose, the capital, 102 miles distant and 5,000 feet above the sea. From the main line extend a number of branches and from these branches other spurs and tramways, the whole forming a system of veins and arteries for the transportation of bananas. Every effort is made to get the banana from the tree to the ship as soon as possible and with the minimum of handling.

The main line is a common carrier of both passengers and freight. Discrimination by the fruit company is impossible under the terms of its lease. At Port Limon the company has built a number of steel piers from which the ships are loaded with bananas and coffee by special machinery. The company has large offices at Port Limon, and has in addition a wireless station, a hospital, quarters for its employees, light and power plants and wholesale and retail stores.

The Costa Rican government has co-operated with the fruit company, has put in many public improvements and keeps the city clean. The government receives a direct, as well as an indirect, revenue from the fruit company through an export tax of 1 cent gold upon each bunch of bananas sent out of Costa Rica.

The big banana growing districts practically end in the foothills of the mountain range which divides Costa Rica, and where bananas stop coffee begins. The hills and mountains for more than 50 miles along the railroad from Port Limon to San Jose are covered with coffee plantations, many of them thousands of acres in extent. These are practically all owned by the Costa Ricans, many of them wealthy.

Costa Rican coffee is considered by many to be the finest in the world. England takes the entire product each year and pays a higher price for it than the United States pays for Brazilian coffee. Costa Rican coffee is strong and black as served here in San Jose, and to the writer it seems far superior to the average coffee provided in American homes and hotels. It is better without milk.

It cannot be doubted that if Americans were more familiar with the attractions of Costa Rica more would visit the country. The climate of San Jose is considered ideal. The city is 5,000 feet above the sea and the cool air of this altitude is a relief after the heat and sultriness of the Caribbean ports. Today the air is clear, cool and bracing as a September day in the North Atlantic states. We are told that it never gets any cooler, though sometimes warmer, so that there is no necessity for artificial heating in the houses. The city is picturesque and interesting and surrounded on all sides by mountains, the tops

of which have been lost in the clouds since the arrival of the Knok party. Scenery is Beautiful.

The trip from San Jose to Port Limon is the more attractive because of the beauty of the scenery after the first hour of the ride. The railroad follows the line of a torrential mountain river from Port Limon to Cartago, 14 miles below San Jose. Though there are many railroads in the United States through mountains of greater altitude than those of Costa Rica, none of them have the tropical vegetation which distinguishes this country. Mountains which in the states would be bare, bleak and desolate are here covered to their very peaks with the luxuriant growth that is found at Port Limon. The mountains are always green the year around.

Dry goods and a great number of household articles are bought from Europe. It is frequently declared by Americans in Costa Rica that if firms in the United States would study the Costa Rican market as carefully as the European merchants do and make the same efforts to please their customers they would have no difficulty in gaining a greater proportion of the trade of Costa Rica. The same applies to the trade situation in all Central American countries, according to opinions expressed here.

For example, tons of concrete is being used in Costa Rica in all sorts of construction. It is said that American firms would get all this business if they would pack the cement in iron cans rather than in barrels, the metal containers being necessary because of the dampness on the coast, which spoils about half of each barrel of cement that is not used as soon as received. Another criticism of Americans in Central America is that they are too anxious to get rich in one day.

As it is, the United States receives more than half of the total exports of Costa Rica and sells Costa Rica nearly half of her total imports. The general view is that the sales of American made goods in Costa Rica will continue to increase. It is stated by Americans here that as the opportunities afforded in Costa Rica for agricultural development on a large scale become better known in the states more American capital will enter the country. The opening of the Panama canal will also help toward this end.

Skill of Alaskan Dogs.

Some of the Alaskan dogs are better trail followers than others, and some better leaders, says a writer in the Detroit News. In a blizzard the best of these dogs the trail, but invariably find it again.

When on the trail they eat but once a day, then at the end of the journey. After feeding, like weary children, they fall asleep and are never quarrelsome. It takes, on an average, 20 pounds of meat a day for a team of 11 dogs on a hard route.

The dogs of the mail teams consumed last year three tons of bacon and one of rice. The rice and bacon are cooked together with frozen fish and eaten hot. The dogs are permitted to eat all they want.

When too hot they let it cool in the snow. If near the sea or river they will cunningly pull the vessel out on the ice and test the temperature of the contents with their long tongues until the mess can be eaten without burning the mouth. Frozen fish is the staple food of all native dogs.

As They Spell It in Seattle.

A Seattle orator was telling the assembled multitude how essential it is for all Washingtonians to get together and proclaim the virtues of that city to the outside world.

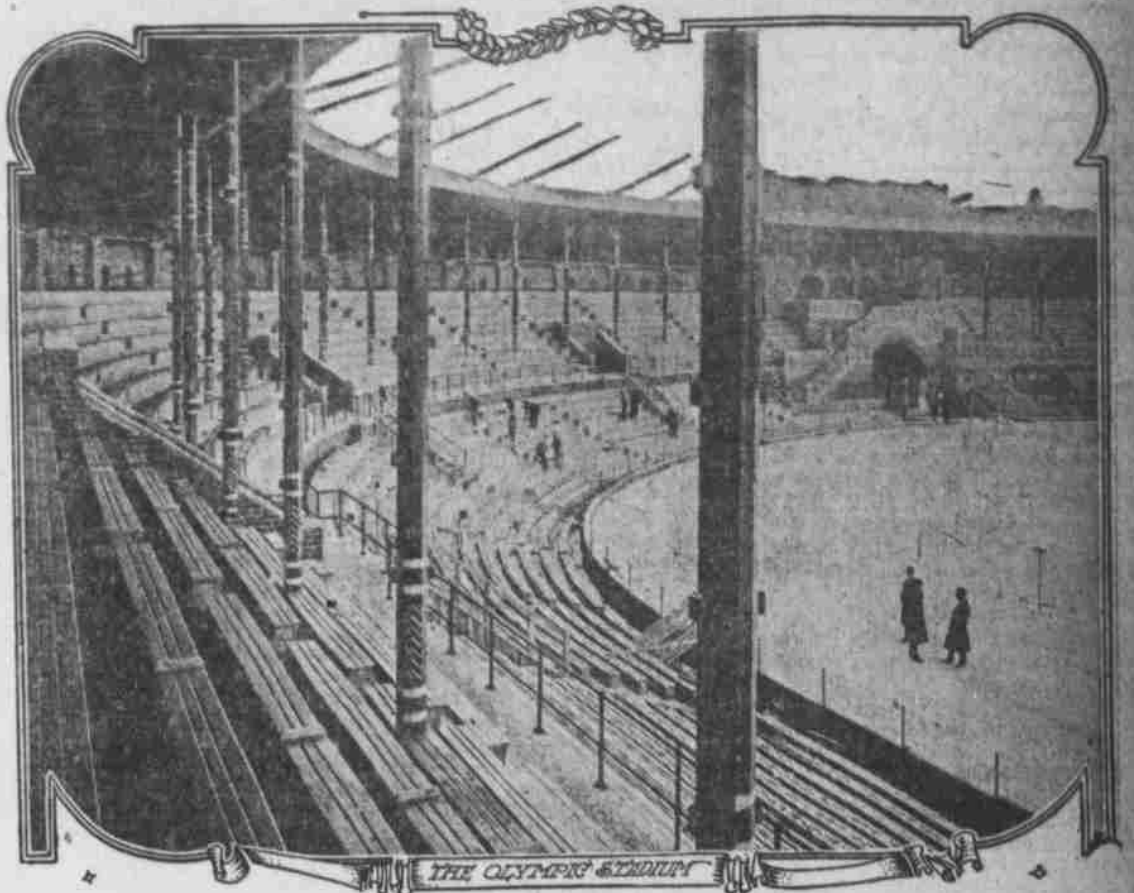
"Now, my friends," he shouted, "what we want to do is all to get together and boost Seattle! We got to tell the world about our wonderful city. We got to work in harmony. We all got to boost. Everybody get busy and boost—boost—b-o-o-s-t—boost!" he spelled at the top of his voice.—Saturday Evening Post.

ness of surface have never been equaled despite thousands of dollars used for machinery in an attempt to duplicate the product. The secret of this Gloucestershire family has been well kept, and they are the buyers of the finest grade of wool that the market is able to produce. Months of hard labor and energy are spent in the manufacture of a hundred yards of the material and competition for its ownership is rife among the buyers.

Old School at Its Best.

It was in the early days of the railroad and Aunt Ruth had boarded the train for her first trip. Her maid had neatly arranged her carpetbag, hand-box, and reticule around her, but there was some trouble with the engine, so that the train did not start at once. Aunt Ruth had spread out her ample skirts like an open fan, and her little feet were daintily perched upon a footstool. Just then the conductor passed through. Touching him lightly upon the arm, she said, "You may tell them I am seated and am ready to go now!"—Woman's Home Companion.

STADIUM FOR OLYMPIC GAMES AT STOCKHOLM



THE immense stadium for the Olympic games, which are to be held in Stockholm, Sweden, this summer, is now practically completed. The photograph shows a portion of the grand stand built to accommodate the tremendous crowds that are expected.

SHIRKS ARMY DUTY

German Crown Prince Not Enthusiastic About War.

Kaiser's Heir Is Attacked by the Press—is Colonel of Famous Regiment—Nearly Always Absent from Military Service.

Berlin, Germany.—The article attacking the crown prince for neglect of military duties, which is attracting great attention, being reproduced in many leading newspapers, appeared originally in Der Turnier, a monthly review, according to a Berlin dispatch. It was written by Herr Guenther von Viebrogge, a retired officer.

The article observes that up to the time when the kaiser appointed his heir to the colonelcy of the famous Death's Head hussars at Danzig last September the crown prince had never done any military service worth mentioning. It was hoped that the command would at last fill the prince, in whose veins the blood of so many warriors flowed, with genuine enthusiasm for the profession of arms.

"Up to the present, however," continues the article, "the hopes aroused by the transfer to Danzig have remained unfulfilled. The crown prince is absent far too much on leave. Indeed, one might ask when he is at the head of his regiment at all."

"Immediately after his appointment the august young gentleman went traveling for four weeks, principally to hunt. Soon after his return we saw him in Berlin; sometimes in the reichstag, where he attended the Morocco debates; sometimes at the flying grounds."

"At the beginning of December he spent a week in Silesia hunting, and at the end of December and the beginning of January he was in Berlin again."

"Between the last named leaves he was prostrated by illness, which not only confined him to his room, but to bed over the Christmas holidays. The illness could not have been very

grave, otherwise the Berlin newspapers would not so soon have been able to report that he was dedicating himself to winter sports in the Tiergarten."

"At the end of January the crown prince again came to Berlin to participate in the court festivities and those connected with the kaiser's birthday and christening of his own son. When these were over he betook himself to Switzerland, where in company with his gracious consort he threw himself into the joys of the sleigh and ski with his accustomed zeal."

"That he remained in Switzerland longer than he intended is due to the injury he received at ice hockey."

"On March 6 the Danzig Hussars saw their commander again and were at last able to give the winter halt, which they had postponed on account of the crown prince's many prolonged absences."

Man Records His Robberies

Thief Arrested After School Girl Had Trained Him—Left Odd Book in Looted Home.

New York.—Marie Rohn, 14, after attending Normal school, returned to her home on the fifth floor of 440 East 156th street. She was climbing the stairs when a man dashed past her, almost knocking her down, and fled to the street. The girl found that the door of her home had been jimmied and the place robbed. She ran to the street, caught sight of the man half a block away and trailed him along Elton avenue to 150th street. There she saw Policeman Frazier and told him her story.

The policeman grabbed the man and took him to the Morrisiana police station. He said he was George Burke, but refused to give his address. According to the police he admitted robbing the Rohns, after several pieces of jewelry found in his

TRAVELS FAR FOR HIS BRIDE

Nine Thousand Miles Somewhat of a Journey, but Not Too Long for Norton Johnson.

Los Angeles.—Coming 9,000 miles to claim his bride, Norton Johnson arrived in Los Angeles. He reached San Francisco on the steamer Tahiti from New Zealand, and was met by his fiancée, Miss Helen Wells, and her father, Arthur G. Wells, general manager of the Santa Fe, who had journeyed north in their private car for that purpose.

Mr. Johnson, who is a geological expert, is general superintendent of the Consolidated Goldfields of New Zealand, and after the wedding ceremony took his bride for a wedding trip through the east, and will sail the first of May for their future home in New Zealand.

Mr. Johnson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson of Binghamton, N. Y. Miss Wells was graduated from the Marlborough and afterward attended Wells college.

Boys Find Eighty Diamonds

Costly Gems Had Been Swept Out With the Rubbish When Jewelry Store Was Cleaned.

Philadelphia.—The discovery of diamonds in an ash barrel in front of Charles Kranich's jewelry store, 2466 Kensington avenue, raised a disturbance that suggested the scene of a "lucky strike" in the gold fields of Alaska.

Mrs. Kranich saw a number of boys struggling around the barrel, each endeavoring to dig his hands into the contents. These were joined presently by a dozen men, who also entered the strange scramble. Alarmed, Mrs. Kranich called her daughter, Mrs. Lloyd Brooks, and her sister-in-law, Miss Bessie Kranich, who learned that the men and boys were digging for gems in the ash barrel. Mrs. Kranich went into the street, and on looking closer discovered that the boys had found diamonds that her husband had procured for his Christmas stock.

Soon afterward the boys went into the store and asked Mrs. Kranich whether the crystals were valuable. She shrewdly replied that they were only cheap stones, but if they cared to go to the trouble of looking for more she would pay them a moderate reward for each one. The ruse was effective. One by one boys went to her and returned the stones, some of them not asking anything in return.

Meanwhile the Eighteenth district police heard of the unusual occurrence, and Lieutenant Keith dispatched six policemen in civilian's clothes to endeavor to recover the diamonds. The result of this was that before night fifty-four of the missing stones had been found and returned to their owner; about twenty were still missing.

When Mr. Kranich learned of the incident he said that he and two young men were gathering up rubbish in the store in the morning, and it was into this that the diamonds went

have accidentally dropped. Shortly before cleaning the store, he said, he had taken from his safe a leather case containing a number of diamonds, which he said, he either examined or else showed to a customer. The stones were sorted, those of each kind being wrapped separately in tissue paper. Thus the diamonds were probably not noticeable and dropped into the rubbish that was being swept from the store and later dumped into the ash barrel.

Predigy at Eight.

London.—Barely eight years old, a boy named Solomon, son of a poor East end tailor, made his public debut in the Albert hall before an immense audience and proved himself a wonderful pianist.

It was only a few weeks ago that the boy was discovered, and he had never played on a grand piano before. So marvelous is his talent that a few days ago he played privately before the king and queen at Buckingham palace.

Of What Use Are We?

"We sometimes wonder of what use we are, and why we are put on earth. One day is added to another and we seem to be no farther advanced on the pathway of our lives. As Mark Twain would have put it, we do not appear to be gaining on the scenery. Yet there is room in the world, and need in the world, for each and every one of us, and therefore, we must keep on going to the end. Emerson has a poem in which the squirrel talks to the mountain says: 'If I cannot carry forests on my back neither can you crack a nut.' You can do something nobody else can do; namely, live your life. You have your chance, if you will only take it, and I have mine. If we can do nothing else we can at least be some one's friend, and there is nothing that the world more keenly wants and more sadly needs.—Ladies' Home Journal

me uncertain of my thoughts, vague with a mazy feeling. Shapes seemed but drifts of moon-dust, and true reality nothing save a sort of still listening to the wind. And for long I sat, just watching the moon creep up, and hearing the thin, dry rustle of the leaves along the holly hedge. And there came to me this thought: What is this Universe—that never had beginning and will never have an end—but a myriad striving to perfect pictures never the same, so blending and fading one into another, that all form one great perfected picture? And what are we—ripples on the tides of a birthless, deathless, equivoled Creative Purpose—but little works of Art?—Atlantic Monthly.

Valuable Billiard Cloth.

Professional billiard players usually carry along with them their own billiard cloth, which is placed on the tables before every important game.

The best cloth is produced in the county of Gloucestershire, England, where a family of weavers have for generations manufactured an article whose fineness of texture and even-

A Mood.

A quiet owl stole in the field below, and vanished into the heart of a tree. And suddenly, above the moon-line, I saw the large moon rising. Cinnamon-colored, it made all things swim, made